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Book of Poems

By

C. B. Carter



BOOK OF FORMS

AND

EXERCISES



THE
REV. J. H. B. B. B.
OF THE
CHURCH OF
ENGLAND
AND
THE
UNITED STATES

A BOOK OF POEMS

❧ B Y ❧

C. B. CARTER



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✻ Preface ✻

To those who are sure to criticize the following pages, I wish to say they were written by a busy man of the world and not by one who has been fortunate enough to have the advantage of many leisure hours. I am not putting them before the public because I think they show any particular literary merit, but because I believe they contain some wholesome thoughts that have been expressed.

THE NEW THOUGHTS.

The new thoughts are the best thoughts,
And nobler than the old;
The new thoughts are the best thoughts,
Find here their worth extolled.
The old thoughts filled with sordidness,
The world seemed harsh and bold;
The new thoughts are the best thoughts,
And nobler than the old.

The new love is the best love,
And truer than the old;
The new love is the best love,
Because it ne'er grows cold.
The old love filled with unconcern,
With weakness manifold;
The new love is the best love,
And truer than the old.

The new days are the best days,
And fairer than the old;
The new days are the best days,
Because your love they hold.
The old days filled with bitterness,
My pleasures then were few;
The new days are the best days,
So full of love for you.

The new life is the best life,
And dearer than the old;
The new life is the best life,
Your life and mine infold;
The old life only grieving brought,
With strife and care untold;
The new life is the best life,
And dearer than the old.



CUPID'S ARROW.

The snow is sparkling o'er the field,
And Cupid hides 'neath Diana's shield;
Enchanted Night bids lovers bold,
To come into its starry fold,
To mingle beams of heavenly light
With those of love exceeding bright;
Tho there is contrast twixt the two,
The self same pathway both persue—
The beam below the beam above—
Both brightly beam with eyes of love,—
Then Cupid shoots with Diana's bow
The fatal words "I love you so."

A REQUEST.

O carry me back Fair Spirit,
To the time when life's fair flower,
Was springing into blossom,
And grew in love's warm shower.

I fain would travel, O Fancy,
Through the lanes I used to know;
Retrace the paths of childhood,
To the joys of long ago.

Back to the love of mother,
So tender and watchful and true,
Surely there is no other,
Like mother for me and for you.

She was our comfort in troubles,
She joined in our childish play,
As ardent in watching our bubbles,
As guiding our feet in His way.



SPIRIT OF PEACE.

O spirit of peace come again to this world,
Herald again the glad tidings to men;
Speak to their hearts as the standard unfurled,
Spake to our armies when battle began.

In the rush and the rabble for money and gain,
Men loose the real gain of this life;
And the pleasures of peace that they might have
attained,
Are lost in the struggle and strife.

Blest Spirit of Jesus, O come to us now,
Be patient and teach us again,
Show us again the sharp thorns on thy brow,
And tell us of peace to all men.



CLOVER.

It is only a leaf of clover,
Yet hunt the wide world over,
And you find no truer symbol,
Of Nature's perfect verdure.

Carefully stenciled and frail,
Abundant in highland and vale;
Refreshing to each of the senses
When all of our pleasures fail.

THE INDOOR WORKER.

Bright is the sunshine without,
Dark are my thoughts within,
Darkened yet wholly unsought,—
Why should they enter in.

For surely 'tis sinful to harbor,
To foster in any way,
A gloomy thought as I labor,
Indoors on a beautiful day.

For I have chosen my calling,
Not God has placed me here,
Behind these cruel palings,
Where the days are long and drear.

'Tis not because I am selfish,
These thoughts will come to my mind,
'Tis only because I would relish
The sunshine so unconfined.



WHEN LOVE IS GRIEVED.

O soothing night, with starlight bright,
Can'st thou recall when I beneath thy dome
Stood and bartered Love for Honor, won a fight
With passion, and came, victorious, home.

Love banished is not Love vanquished;
If Satan were Love it would be so—
But as God is Love, 'tis never finished
While Soul holds intercourse with Soul.

Love an outcast and a wanderer sorely grieves,
Nor dares acknowledge of such dire pain,
And only waits till Honor tires of rule,
Then straightway implants himself again.

O Love, could we but know thy subtle power,
Could we but feel thy rule supreme,
To bask forever in the sunshine of thy bower
And feel the soothing of thy sweetest dream.



THE OPTIMIST.

One day I was a Pessimist,
And things seemed black as night;
Next day I turned Optimist,
And everything seemed bright.

BOBBY BURNS.

O Bobby Burns we love you well,
In spite of all your vices,
O'er us you cast a magic spell,
Regardless of caprices.
Through all your busy life
You had your share of strife.

Your lady friends, both far and near,
Strived hard to win your graces,
For as a lover you ne'er had peer,
So loving and sagacious;
But in those loves you often grieved
To find yourself so sore deceived.

In the silent gloom of morning
You oft would steal away,
And air your moods of rhyming,
In some sweet Scottish lay;
Because you knew that day would bring
Toil and care unceasing.

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn."
Thus you sang of a passionate love
Recalled to your memory by the star above

Your Scottish songs are still revered
By all of Scotland's people,
For many a lonely heart they've cheered,
'Tho not beneath a steeple;
For in subtle humor these songs abound,
When you a proper subject found.

Of Tam O'Shanter you told a tale,
That will last down through the ages,
And one whose humor does not fail
To be worthy of wisest sages;
A moral in this tale we find,
That credits well your master mind.

What pity 'twas you died so young,
Just 'merging into greatness,
Your praises sung by every tongue—
Crushed by a petty weakness;
Thus early in life you sang your last,
And gave to the world your epitaph.

"Quick to learn and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

MORNING STAR.

O shining gem so near the hem,
Of the vast and vaulted blue,
Inspiring love, thy ray above,—
I tell of my love to you.

A maiden fair with golden hair,
I wooed and won her true;
'Twas thus I thought, but fact 'twas not,—
So I tell of my woe to you.

Her love did fade, 'twas a love unstaid
As thy rays which struggle through;
Yon reef of clouds with silken shrouds,—
I tell of my grief to you.

O fading star t'were better far,
She had faded like the flowers,
Than prove untrue as night to you
In the coming of morning hours.



MORNING THOUGHTS.

In the first bright gleam of morning,
As the sun peeps o'er the hill,
When all the birds are singing,
All other life seems still,
I raise my song to Him that gave
A country free where lives no slave;
Where the burdened heart may drink it's fill,
And the soul knows not repining.



TO THE SUN.

Brightly shine, and we are glad,
Hide thy face, and we are sad;
O might'st thou always give a myriad
Of hopeful rays,
That we might be in sunshine clad,
Through cheerless days.

When all the earth is clothed in snow,
When wintry winds do chilling blow,,
'Tis then we hail thy warming glow
That doth descend,
'Tis then thy power we fully know,—
We call thee friend.

SPRING.

Go Winter! From our presence make all haste!
Bright Spring retrace
With verdant glow the seared and barren earth;
To buds give birth,
To all in nature give new power to grow;
Bring winds that softly blow
And waft to us sweet fragrance of the flowers;
Enchant the hours
With Love's enduring grace, and thru long days
Give thy Creator praise.



NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

The merry bells of New Year ring,
And o'er the hills glad tidings bring,
Of another year born unto us,
Into this unknown, we look, we trust.

In the coming days of this New Year,
Make firm resolve to shed no tear,
Whate'er shall come, whate'er betide,
Put forth your trust—in Him abide.

"Into each life some rain must fall"
Wealth and joy come not to all,
Yet in this new born year I see,
Hope and love in its futurity.

Upon the past cast no look back,
Think not of the things wherein you lack;
Look only cheerfully into the future,
Think of the things you should carefully nurture.



WHEN WOULD YOU BE A BOY?

What would you give to be a boy again?
Think now and say just when
Would be the time you most of all desire
To be restored entire,
With all your power of mischief making joy,—
Be just a homely boy.

What time of year would you like best of all,
Winter—Summer—Fall?
"Nay, none of these," you say "Give me the Spring
When all the birds will sing,
When Nature lures the World to her decoy—
Makes me a dreaming boy.

TO MY COUSIN NANCY.

Not forgotten are your letters,
Full of truth and modesty;
They to me are dainty fetters,
Fondly clasping memory.

Strange indeed is this connection,
For you and I ne'er met,
Why this feeling of affection,
That sweetly lingers yet?

You who are more than friend to me,
Though appearantly forgot;
If you my inmost thoughts might see,
You would accuse me not.

Through trials long and deep and wide,
Your memory my light;
Forever leads where shadows hide,
Life's pathway from my sight.

Though lure of life may lead me far,
Through lanes averse my fancy,
You ne'er shall be but what you are—
My dearest cousin Nancy.



OCTOBER.

O welcome, fairest October!
Thou bringest a blush to the verdant trees,
Cooling and perfumed thy every breeze,
Buoyant and tingling are each of these
Refreshing days of October.

O happy days of October!
The boy in the woods has a happy smile,
The nuts are falling—his sport is worth while,
For heavy laden he climbs the stile
In the gloaming of October.

O memorable days of October!
As school-girl and school-boy tripping home,
Forgetting our books or perplexing sum,
And often regretting the days to come—
The months that follow October.

Farewell, ye days of October!
The robin is singing his farewell song,
The Larks and Thrushes sing southward along,
The Bluejay even has joined in the throng—
Bidding farewell to October.

SPRING ROSES.

O, welcome, thou first rose of spring,
Such gladness thy perfume doth bring;
Sweet memories recall from the past—
Perfection thy bloom in its cast.
Out from the blast of winter you come,
To brighten and sweeten our gloomy home;
A glorious gift from Heaven above,
A token of God and his wondrous love.

In daylight or starlight the same,
We love thee for Rose is thy name;
Thou cheerest when all others fail us,
Thy perfume is always about us,
To remind us of love and our duty,
Of thoughts to our mind ever worthy,
To cling to the life of the Christian,
And follow God's marvelous plan.



THE SPORTY SHACK.

(With profuse examples of railroad slang.)
O when a "shack," gets on his back,
His clothes that look so "glad,"
You would not know, he stoops so low,
As to get so cussing mad.

With greasy dope and strings of rope,
He packs the boxes, hot;
In an engine black, he humps his back,
And sleeps when he ought not.

In a snoring sleep you find him deep,
When there is work to do;
If at a switch he has to "hitch,"
He's "beefing like a Sioux."

But when he's done and off his run,
He's wide awake indeed;
And to complain he would disdain,
The way he earns his "feed."

Some soap he finds, himself he shines,
And dons "his gladdest clothes;"
Then down the street, he walks so sleek.
To find "a posey for his nose."

If him you meet upon the street,
He'll surely "cut you fair,"
And you would think from his wise blink
He was born a Millionaire.

THE LITTLE TOILERS.

Busy little workers toiling steadily,
Gleaning the fuel falling by the way,
Hazarding their lives recklessly,
Picking, carrying all the livelong day,
Heeding not the storm blowing bitterly.

Some going sadly, others merrily,
Some singing, some crying,
Some running, some working wearily
Thinking of loved ones lying,
Sick and alone at home.

Ragged little urchin, face so wan,
Trudging up and down the track
Getting what he can;
With a sack across his back,
Working like a man.

In this land of plenty, can it be
That some live in homes of luxury,
From all worry and care set free;
While these children toil
In the world's turmoil,
And the pleasures of life never see?



FIELDS OF GREEN.

No more we see the fields of green,
As winter winds blow down,
And thru the morning frost is seen,
The fields of blighted brown.

O dearest fields of cooling green,
What else is half so dear?
Of our delights thou art the queen,
But now thy robes are sear.

Come back again, O fields of green,
So welcome to our sight,
Arise! Throw off thy wintry sheen,
And show the world thy might.



POOR WILLIE'S REFRAIN.

Poor little Willie complaining of a pain,
Trouble seemed to be dislocated brains;
Doctor turned them over, put them in again,
Now little Willie from complaining refrains.

THE DAYS TO COME.

O beautiful days were those gone by,
But fairer far than they,
We look with hope to the days to come,
When Fancy points the way.

For the days that are past were full of toil,
But not so the days to come,
With hope we welcome the future days
When our heavy work is done.

The days to come will be full of joy,
With happiness, rest, and peace;
No sorrow shall grieve us, no ills annoy,
And love shall never cease.

So we paint the ease of future scenes,
With beauty and wealth untold,
But the past is shadowed with fear and toil,
And with dearth of joy or gold.



GOOD BYE.

"Good bye," said the Rose, so blushing and red,
To the Purple Sweet Pea in the nasturtion bed;
"I leave you today, (now don't look so sad)
For though I'm to die, I really am glad,
For with my last breath my praises I'll give
To God, my creator, who taught me to live.
Carried away in the hand of a child,
Who shall hum in my ear her love notes so wild,
To be placed on His altar a sacrifice sweet,
There where the Angels and Cherubims meet;
There, one by one, my petals shall fall,
There I shall answer the heavenly call."

"Fare thee well, my dear Rose," the Purple Pea said,
"If I in my dying like you might be dead,
I too would be glad to be dying;
But here in this world I to duty remain,
And from wishing to die I shall, holy, refrain."



CARNATION DAY.

(Written Jan. 29th, Wm. McKinley's Brithday.)
Little acts of kindness come and go,
Wear a red carnation just to show,
Respectful feeling toward the man
Who ruled with kind yet firm command;
A man who won all hearts throughout the land—
One fiend alone his deadly foe.

BOYHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

I'll ne'er forget those days of joy,
O might I live them over,
When I was just a barefoot boy,
No cares my mind to bother.

Those days so full of calm delight,
So close to mother nature;
When day was thoughtless of the night,
As Present is of Future.

When Mother shared my grief and woe,
So tenderly and loving,
And staunch'd the tears that came to flow,
In Life's ambitious morning.

In manhood's days of strife and pain,
And the World's deceitful measure,
I turn, with ardent love, again
And hail those days of pleasure.



GIVE US A REST.

O give us a rest from this awful pest,
Of wet and gloomy weather,
If you do not know it annoys us so,
We'll tell you—all together.

O first it blows and then it snows,
And drives us to distraction,
And all the rain they have in Spain,—
It wouldn't make a "patchin."

To what we have here to make us drear,
For weeks and months together;
It is a "fright" going home at night,
Through such inclement weather.

Your feet get wet, you fume and fret,
While the "blues" upon you creep;
And you tare and rant when you find you can't
Find solace in peaceful sleep.

The roof it leaks and the dampness creeps
Like a theft into your chamber,
And stiffens your bones till they feel like stones,
When you awaken from your slumber.

Of all the woes that mortals know,
You'll find their opinions set,
The one that's worst with which they're curst—
Is the weather when its wet.

THE SUICIDE.

What hope has he who takes his life,
The life that is God given?
The man too weak to stand the strife—
What hope has he of heaven?
All that he sees in ending all,
Is long and dreamless sleep—
Sad the demoniac call,
That makes his loved ones weep.
Yet long he's pondered on the deed,
And death seems but a gain;
Life's still small voice he does not heed,
There's turmoil in his brain.
So long he's thought of death's deep rest,
It seems an envied goal;
Stronger the call in its behest—
It claims his wavering soul.



THE JOY OF LOVE.

O joy of love! my life
So filled with heavenly pleasure;
O greatest earthly treasure,
My own, my loving wife.
Whence came those sparkling eyes,
Now serious speaking troubles,
Now twinkling fairy bubbles,
Where Love's reflection lies.
So pure, so true, so wondrous,
Thy life is sweet and holy,
An antonym of folly—
Resplendent, free and glorious.
Yea! I shall always love thee,
My heart thy love shall cherish
Thy soul without a blemish,
Shall always upward raise me.



Believing that no collection of poems could be complete without a Sonnet I append the following:

A SONNET.

Ye power whose hope is ever bright and clear,
Sustain me in this my initial sally,
To write of that which I know not really;
Yet on thy strength, O Effort, I may bear
The burden of a thought and plant it here,
That other thoughts may round it rally,
And score for me an honest and noted tally
That shall put me and my tame upon the square!
O thou great power, sustain me in this rhyme
So that greater minds that read and con it,
May read its deepest meanings and sublime;
And when I reach that everlasting height—A POET,
May I look down on this my work and know it,
With thy aid O mighty power, to be a Sonnet.

REMINISCENCES.

Can you remember the first girl you kissed,
How you caught her head with a sidelong twist,
And gave her a smack both loud and long,
And went away whistling an old love song,
Had a tender feeling a stealing through
That fickle heart you thought so true?

Can you remember a day of dread,
When you climbed to the loft of the buggy shed,
And hid there awhile till your old dad
Sort of worked down his feelings and wasn't so mad;
And you slipped into the kitchen thru the back way
Thus putting an end to your miserable day?

Can you remember when you had fun,
Scouring the woods with your dog and gun,
And saw not a thing in the way of game,
But you came home a smiling just the same;
And all you had killed, after tramping all day
Was a poor little innocent old blue jay?



THE HEATER SEAT.

When going to the office,
On a morning cold and bleak,
When the street car window's icy,
And the frost benumbs your feet,
When the car is quickly filling,—
Do you get a Heater Seat?

The question of the morning,
As you hustle down the street,
Is not, What would Roosevelt do?
Would the story make a "beat?"
But the one of vital import is—
Will I get a Heater Seat?

If you are living in the suburbs,
And have walked thru snow or sleet
For a mile or such a matter,
And your legs are growing weak,
There's at least one consolation—
You can get a Heater Seat.



"MERRY WIVES OF WINSOR."

When Shakespeare doth his wit disport,
In quipping jest and quick retort,
In "The Merry Wives of Winsor,"
We laugh and none could hinder.
When Sir John Falstaff met his match,
And wooed the wives he could not catch;
Of all the tricks they played on him,
All well repaid the unpardonable sin,
Of courting the wives of other men.

THOUGHTS OF A POOR POET (?)

As I'm in a mood to rhyme,
I shall just improve the time,
If I can confine
 The Muses mind,
To some befitting line,
 And interest find.

I'll write you in doggrel verse,
'Twill take nothing from your purse,
And little effort, with my thirst
 To please you.
And I think that this, my first,
 Will appease you.

If by chance you should want more,
Just come knocking at my door,
(For of plenty I have store,
 Of such verses),
And I'll give you thirty score,
 That converses.

Its so nice to be a poet,
When there's only few who know it,
Though you try your best to blow it
 To the Editors.
But I'll just put you "next" it—
 They're conspirators.

Why, they would seek a fellow's ruin,
Just to have "something doin'",
And they set your patience stewing',—
 Need the money
When your livin' on the verge o' nothing',
 'Tisn't funny.

Occasionally I do get paid,
If I figure to evade,
The question, How? The payments made
 To my honor.
(A true poet ne'er should fade)
 I'm a donor.

THE DREAMER.

“Go to bed, said the Sleepy Head,
“And dream of the girl you ne’er shall wed;
Where victory lies in vain deceit—
Your bridal robe is a winding sheet;
You dream of gold you ne’er shall hold,
Of struggles with a robber bold;
Of a yawning chasm that beckons in,
When Satan comes to claim your sin.
Then Angels fair come to repair
The damage done by the Devil’s scare.
In troubled sleep you cross the deep,
And hear the souls of the intombed weep;
You seem to be in a frail canoe
A skimming o’er the ocean blue;
Then fierce the winds come blowing up
And you are hurled in the breaker’s scup;
Then a mighty wave lifts you on high,
And here it is you are doomed to die—
But you don’t. You simply wake up.”



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